

# KLINK

## Smino

[Intro]

Go to

Gucci baby

Lil Monte on the beat

Got that on repeat[Chorus]

All she wanna do is drink, drink, drink

I got 5 chains on, them hoes go clink, clink, clink

No job, big bank roll, she don't know what to think, think, think

On God, sergeant, check my rank, rank, rank (on God)

[Verse 1]

Sergeant, check my rank, rank, rank

Sweetheart sit on this candy paint (uh)

Dick loan yeah like Fannie Mae

Flip phone, she dream of trappin' me

Me and my main bitch cackling

Must be off that white like Katharyn

Or Suzann cruisin' in your sedan

Two hoes like why you need two?

Damn (why you need), I put 85 on my coupe

Damn (why you need), I put Saint Laurent on my boo

Ran (why you need) it up like I play for Mizzou

Gotta show me somethin' bitch I came from the Lou'

(yeah yeah yeah)

[Pre-Chorus]

I got my own Remy at home, they charge \$11.50

We could get lost just like Nemo, hey little fishy fishy

I'm way too drippy, drippy, kush stank, it's real armpity

Don't give these niggas pity, baby you keep yo pretty[Chorus]

All she wanna do is drink, drink, drink

I got 5 chains on, them hoes go clink, clink, clink

No job, big bank roll, she don't know what to think, think, think

On God, sergeant, check my rank, rank, rank (on God)[Verse 2]

Sergeant, check my rank, rank, rank

I'm on her back like a license plate

I ate spectacular rice today

Back in the loft eating Pilaf

Orange coupe, love how it peel off

New rugs, girl take them heels off

Said they Jimmy Choo (I said bless you)

Now take off ya shoes (I ain't askin')

Then she let me pound, hash tagged it

Ring-ling on my ding-ling, magic

Sing good, make the coochie do back flips  
Genes good, yeah she love my fabric  
Put a new touch on a coupe, cut the roof, I see God (yeah)  
Hallelujah, my crew up, hallelu', shout the guys (yeah yeah)  
Put a new touch on a coupe, cut the roof, I see God (yeah)  
Hallelujah, my crew up, hallelu', shout the guys[Pre-Chorus]  
She got her own Remy at home, say she ain't pay no \$11.50  
We should get lost just like Nemo, these niggas lookin' fishy  
I did it for the city, milk the game issa titty  
I'm fly, I'm 50 Frisbee's, I feel like Mr. Bentley[Chorus]  
All she wanna do is drink, drink, drink  
I got 5 chains on, them hoes go clink, clink, clink  
No job, big bank roll, she don't know what to think, think, think  
On God, sergeant, check my rank, rank, rank (on God)[Outro]  
Drink, drink drink  
Clink, clink, clink  
Think, think, think  
Rank, rank, rank

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>